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Photograph by Frank G. Carpenter

RESURRECTION BAY, ALASKA, ON WHICH SEWARD, TERMINAL OF NEW GOVERNMENT BUILT RAILROAD, WILL BE SITUATED

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

An Illustrated News Weekly for the Home

What Would Lincoln Do?

FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

"INTELLIGENCE, *Patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust, in the best way, all our present difficulty.*"—*Abraham Lincoln.*

"*We must stick to American principles concerning the rights of neutrals.*"—*Abraham Lincoln.*

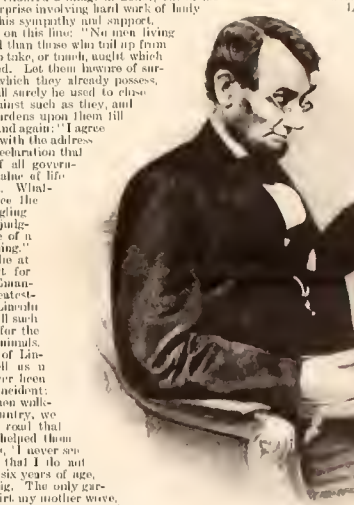
IN the midst of one of the most complex periods in the history of the world, Lincoln was a simple child of nature, close to the ground with its restfulness and life, with an ear to the forest stream, an eye to the wild flower, and a keen vision of the stars. Without schools or libraries or society, he was trained by the wider university of nature and solitude. He never got the grooves of the ax and plow handles, which he counted a badge of honor, out of his rugged palms, and every enterprise involving hard work of body or mind would today have his sympathy and support.

Hear what he had to say on this line: "No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty—none less inclined to take, or touch, aught which they have not honestly earned. Let them beware of surrendering a political power which they already possess, and which, if surrendered, will surely be used to close the door of advancement against such as they, and to fix new disabilities and burdens upon them till all of liberty shall be lost." And again: "I agree with you, Mr. Chairman, and with the address of your constituents, in the declaration that workingmen are the basis of all governments. . . . I hold that the value of life is to improve one's condition. Whatever is calculated to advance the condition of the honest, struggling laboring man, so far as my judgment will enable me to judge of a correct thing, I am for that thing."

Abraham Lincoln would be at the forefront of every effort for human betterment. The Emancipator was one of the greatest-hearted men who ever lived. Lincoln today would cooperate with all such organizations as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. We asked an intimate friend of Lincoln's early manhood to tell us a Lincoln story which had never been printed, and he related this incident:

"One moonlight night, when walking with Lincoln in the country, we spied a litter of pigs in the road that had lost their mother. We helped them find her. And he said to me, 'I never see one of these little creatures that I do not think of my first pet. When six years of age, a neighbor gave me a little pig. The only garment I had on was a little shirt my mother wove, fastened at the neck with a wooden button my father had made. In the front of that garment I wrapped my pig and carried him home. It took me a week to teach him to eat. Meanwhile, I carried him back to his mother for his meals. He was my constant companion and we played many games together. I can see his little face now,' said Lincoln, 'peeping around the side of the cabin as we played hide-and-go-seek. I carried him everywhere till he got too big to carry, and then I made him carry me, which he did so happily everywhere to the ploughed ground, and to the woods where I helped him find the nuts. One day father said, "We're going to kill the hog today." I asked, "What hog?" He said, "Yours." I answered, "Would you kill my precious pet?" and cried with agony. But my wit served me, for when father turned his back I jumped on the hog and ran him as fast as he could go into the woods, where I stayed all day; and the hot water in the big kettle was not used. The next day I undertook the same game, but father was too smart for me. He locked the pig up in the smokehouse, and I couldn't reach the button to get in at it. And I got sick. Could not eat any breakfast; went off into the woods and stayed all day, and when I came in at night I saw my pet dressed and hanging from a pole near the house, and I began to blubber. They never could get me to take a bite of the meat, neither tenderloin nor rib, nor sausage nor sonse. And months after, when the cured ham came on the table, it made me sad and sick even to look at it. The next morning I went out into the yard and scattered soft dirt over the bloody spot, where they had killed my pet. Whenever I see a pig, like these little fellows we have just met in the road, my heart goes back to that pet pig, and to the old home and my dear ones there.'"

Lincoln could not help being tender, any more than the songbirds about his cabin could keep from singing, or the sweetbrier his mother planted could keep from being fragrant. It is easy to see how a boy who was so tender to his first pet might grow to be the great man who lived "with malice toward none, with charity for all."



This Picture of Lincoln and "Tad", His Little Son Who Died, Is One of the Nation's Favorites

LINCOLN, the Great Beatitude, would today lift up his voice for the easing of pain, the curing of disease, and the reforming of character. After an address at a Lincoln memorial service in the Delaware Avenue Methodist Church in Buffalo, Dr. Hill, a trustee of the church, said that he would tell us a story that had not been made public, illustrating Mr. Lincoln's sympathy for the suffering, and also his faith in divine providence. The Doctor said:

"I was a member of the Sanitary Commission during the Civil War, and at a meeting of that organization at the White House I congratulated the President on having originated such a great benevolence. He replied: 'Can man carry your thanks to a higher Being. One stormy night I passed on my bed middle to sheep, as I thought of the terrible sufferings of our soldiers and sailors. I spent an hour in prayer to God for some method of relief, and he put the Sanitary Commission in my mind with all its details as distinctly as though the instructions had been written out by a pen and handed to me. Therefore, always thank your heavenly Father, and not me, for this organization which has caused so much pain and saved so many lives.'"

Lincoln, we may be sure, would stretch out his arm for the protection of childhood from the blight and shame of child labor. His love for children was pathetic. When he was first at the time he made his great speech at Cooper Union, he spent a Sunday in New York. He did not look up the children of the rich on Fifth Avenue, though he loved them, too; but he landed his way down into the submerged district of the East Side, and attended a Sunday school session at the Five Points Mission, and there spoke to the children of poverty words of wisdom and encouragement. The incident has been retold a thousand times, and is one of the priceless memories of that institution.

Lincoln never would have entangled himself with the Dogs of war. His first political speech as a member of Congress was a fierce arraignment of the President of the United States for the causeless and wicked war on Mexico, and the wanton plunder of one-half its territory. He thus referred to the President: "He is deeply conscious of being in the wrong, he feels the blood of this war, like the blood of Abel, crying to heaven against him. He has some strong motive to involve the two countries in war, and trusts to escape scrutiny by fixing the public gaze upon the exceeding brightness of military glory, that attractive rainbow that rises in showers of blood, that serpent's eye that charms to destroy. How like the half insane mumbling of a fever dream is the whole war part of his late message."

BY constitutional temperament Lincoln was a man of peace. Today, in the midst of the worst war of history, he would stand for national and international peace. From the very beginning he would have been crying out to the contending nations to stop the war. He would favor an international court of arbitration that would encourage and compel a universal peace.

How his great heart bled at the thought of the Civil War, and how hard he tried to prevent it! His first inaugural address was a pitiful plea for peace at almost any price. He pledged to maintain slavery, and even favor the return of fugitive slaves, if the South would not go to war. Much as he hated slavery, he feared more the awful bloodshed of a civil strife. In his address in Independence Hall in Philadelphia on his way to his inauguration, he said:

"Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there is no need of bloodshed and war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course, and I may say in advance that there will be no bloodshed unless it is forced upon the government. The government will not use force, unless force is used against it."

But the gun fired at Sumter turned the man of peace, whose heart broke at the thought of civil strife, into the most relentless warrior of the centuries. Righteousness, justice and dignity took the throne, and while he had not a muscle to move in an offensive warfare, his life and the lives of his fellow countrymen were pledged in a defensive warfare for the protection of the American democracy, the world's hope of universal liberty; "that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of man; to lift artificial weights from all shoulders; to clear the paths of laudable pursuits for all; to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life."

LINCOLN today would be our greatest champion of peace, and yet if he were at the head of affairs it would not be well for any nation, or for all nations combined, to set a single hostile foot on our shores. Early in life Lincoln's Americanism found this expression: "At what point shall we expect the approach of danger? By what means shall we fortify against it? Shall we expect some transAtlantic military giant to step across the ocean and crush us at a blow? Never! All the armies of Europe, Asia and Africa combined, with all the treasure of earth in their military chest, with a Bonaparte for a commander, could not by force take a drink from the Ohio, or make a track on the Blue Ridge in a trial of a thousand years."

While he would not tolerate the idea of militarcy, like the foolish and wicked armaments of the dominant nations of Europe, Lincoln would insist on an army

and navy and coast defense sufficient to protect us against the possible assaults of any foreign power impelled by greed or a grievance. He would stand for that preparedness which is the only real safety of the nation, the preservation of a pure democracy, the right and duty of the people to rule themselves and to do so practically; and individual and public righteousness. How his honest soul would rebuke the falsehoods and frauds that creep into everyday life, the crushing of small corporations by large ones, the insufficient wage, the oppression of the poor, the purchase of city councils, state legislatures, and national Congresses with money, the prostitution of public office to personal gain, the tampering with the ballot box, the domination and damnation of American politics by colossal institutions of vice and crime. These he would count the real enemies of the republic, to be feared, to be resisted and overcome, rather than the ships and soldiers of a foreign fae.

LINCOLN would be in the forefront of the warfare on the liquor traffic. He promised his mother when a little boy that he would never touch intoxicants, and he kept that vow sacredly to the day of his death. He told one of his most intimate friends that a drop of liquor had never passed down his throat and that he did not know what the various kinds of drink tasted like. Few addresses can be found more eloquent than some of his temperance addresses. His friends in Springfield knew he never kept drink at his house and sent over a box of liquors for the reception of the committee of the Republican party who were to notify him of his nomination for the presidency the first time. Looking at his wife and calling her "Mother," as he always did, he said: "We have never used or served such drinks and will not begin now," and sent the box back. And it is a matter of history that this moral giant had the courage officially to drink to the health of the party and the nation in cold sparkling water from the well, making a beautiful tribute to it as he proposed the toast.

In the White House he never touched even the lightest kind of wine. Yet in the face of these facts the liquor men had the hardihood to claim him as their friend, and put his revered face at the center of newspaper whisky advertisements—an act very little short of sacrilege. It so offended the taste and conscience of the public that the trade found it prudent and profitable to withdraw that homeliest and handsomest face which seemed in the paper to frown on its unseemly surroundings. General Horace Porter, who was on Grant's staff, tells of a visit Lincoln made to Grant at City Point. Lincoln said he had been badly shaken up on the bay the night before, and had not yet gotten over his seasickness. An officer immediately brought a bottle of champagne, saying it was a sure cure for the trouble. The President replied: "No, my friends, I have seen too many fellows seasick, ashore from drinking that very stuff."

We are not left to conjecture as to what Lincoln would do in the war on alcohol. Major J. B. Merwin, who was commissioned by his old friend Lincoln as temperance evangelist to the Federal army, recently made this statement: "On the afternoon of the day in which Lincoln was assassinated, he said to me as his trusted messenger: 'Merwin, we have cleaned up, with the help of the people, a colossal job. Slavery is abolished. After reconstruction, the next great question will be the overthrow and abolition of the liquor traffic; and you know, Merwin, my head, my heart and my hand will go into that work. In 1842, less than a quarter of a century ago, I predicted that, under the influence of God's Spirit, the time would come when there would be neither a slave nor a drunkard in the land. I have lived to see, thank God, one of these prophecies fulfilled. I hope to see the other realized.'"

Lincoln would take an important part in the Woman Suffrage movement. Eighty-one years ago, when there was not the wildest dream that the question would be a practical issue in American politics, in a letter to the Sangamon Journal, of New Salem, Illinois, he declared himself as friendly to female suffrage. He had the profoundest respect for womanhood. He said: "All I am in the world I owe to my sainted mother." He had unbounded faith in the people, in all the people, and included in an ideal democracy woman's voice and vote.

LINCOLN would be a prominent religious personage in our time. He would attend church service, as he did every Sabbath. He would stand for the integrity of the Scriptures, which he believed from lid to lid. A close friend of his told us he had held in his hand a Bible from which Lincoln read every day, and from which he drew those truths which in his public messages and private character so blessed the nation. That lady volume was thumbed almost to pieces by the Rail-splitter's fingers. In his love to God and fellow men, in his imitation of the example and spirit of Christ, in his divine inspiration, and in his faith in the future, Lincoln today would command universal attention as a force for righteousness.

"I am approached with the most opposite opinions and advice," he wrote during a supreme crisis, "and by religious men who are certain they represent the Divine Will. . . . I hope it will not be irreverent in me to say that if it be probable that God would reveal his will to others, on a point so closely connected with my duty, it might be supposed he would reveal it directly to me. . . . If I can learn his will, I will do it. . . . Whatever shall appear to be God's will, I will do."

We made a pilgrimage to see an old retired army officer who had been a journeyman printer in an office in Springfield, Ill., and one of Lincoln's intimate acquaintances, and asked him to tell us a story that the magazines and books had not found. He told this: "One day Lincoln asked me to ride fifteen miles out in the country with him and become witness to a will he was to write for a woman on her deathbed. When the will had been signed and witnessed, the woman said to Lincoln: 'Now I have my affairs for this world arranged satisfactorily. I am thankful to say that long before this I have made preparation for the other life I am so soon to enter. I sought and found Christ as my Saviour, who has been my stay and comfort through the years, and is now near to me to carry me over the river of death. I do not fear death; I am really glad that my time has come, for loved ones have gone before me and I rejoice in the hope of meeting them so soon.' Mr. Lincoln said to her: 'Your faith in Christ is wise and strong, your hope of a future life is blessed. You are to be congratulated on passing through life so usefully, and into the future so happily.'

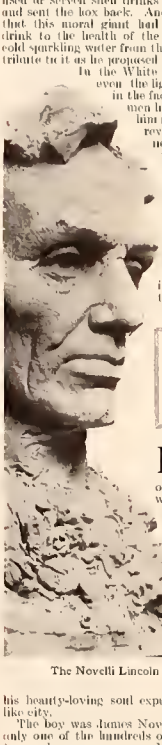
"She asked him if he would not read a few verses out of the Bible to her. They offered him the Book, but he did not take it, but began reciting from memory the Twenty-third Psalm, laying especial emphasis upon 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' Without the book, he took up the first part of the fourteenth of John, 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' After he had given these and other quotations from the Scriptures, he recited several hymns, closing with 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me.' I thought at the time I had never heard any elocutionist speak with such ease or power as he did. I am an old man now, but my heart melts as it did then in that death chamber, as I remember how with a pathos truly divine he spoke the last stanza beginning, 'While I draw this fleeting breath.' The woman died while we were there. Riding home, I expressed surprise that he should have acted as pastor as well as attorney so perfectly, and he replied, 'God and eternity and heaven were very near to me today.'"

Early in life Lincoln was swept into unbelief by the gust of skepticism that passed over the land at that time, but like all sincere searchers after the truth he came out into a stronger faith. Those who doubt his religion will be fortunate if they get within sight of him in the other world, so near will his pure spirit be to the White Throne.

"Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These are all gone, and, standing like a tower
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soul, the first American."

Lincoln and the New American

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER, Jr.



The Novelli Lincoln

IN 1890 a small, dark-eyed boy leaned over the railing of a huge ocean steamer and gazed with curious, expectant eyes at the vague, romantic shareline of a great city. On one side the red stone buildings of Ellis Island loomed up, formidably, through the fog; on the other the Statue of Liberty stretched out a welcoming arm to the newcomer. And the small boy drew a rather deep little sigh while the welcome of his beauty-loving soul expanded to the misty, fairy-like city.

The boy was James Novelli, an Italian. He was only one of the hundreds of little aliens that swarm to our shores every year. Most of them are in search of fortune and perhaps happiness. James Novelli was dreaming of fame and the beauty of the new land, and the liberty to pursue a dream.

He went to school after a time—as most little aliens go to school. And in that school he learned the difference between an *alien* and a *citizen*. For his teacher, one day, told him the story of a brave man who lived a brave life and died bravely. After that the dream began to take a real shape.

A vast number of the little foreigners who come to our shores are marvelously talented. Because our country is not quite so free or kind as they have been led to suppose—because the streets are not paved with gold—many of the little foreigners sell their birthright for the necessary mess of pottage, and lead their lives, brokenly, selling papers or fruit for small profit. Not all of them have the dream of Lincoln to help mold their lives.

James Novelli had skill, great skill, in drawing and modeling. All through school he drew at recess, and made queer little figures of putty and mud and clay. But the modeling had no exactly definite aim. After he heard of Lincoln, his talent began to shape itself around the beloved, ungainly figure of our nation's hero. When he had studied a bit of the life of Lincoln, his clever little fingers began to model the clay into heads—heads with homely, rugged features and sad, dreaming eyes.

His vision of Lincoln carried Novelli through public school and out into the great world. Only too plainly he saw his faults of construction; only too vividly he saw the amateurishness of his work. He realized that he needed more study under good teachers.

Lincoln gained his learning by walking miles to borrow books, by writing his letters in charcoal on the rough bricks of the fireplace. That is one of the stories of Lincoln that they are most likely to tell to little aliens in school. Perhaps that story of Lincoln was the one that helped the eager-eyed little Italian boy—that kept him working hard for the instruction that he knew he needed.

THE streets of America are made of nothing more valuable than paving-stones or concrete. We, who have lived here always, have never doubted it. The little emigrant boy who sails over the vast ocean—the child who comes to our shores—finds it out all too soon. By working hard, after he left school, James Novelli was able to earn four dollars a week. After a time—not a short time—the four dollars grew to six. In the interval, the boy saved. He had few holidays, although occasionally his young employer gave him a half day off. In that half day he copied Gilson pictures, which he gave to said employer, who in turn signed them and gave them to someone. He was in love with someone, and at that time Gilson pictures were very fashionable indeed.

And Novelli *did* work, minus the half holidays. When he copied the pictures, he enjoyed the work, for he knew that, in a way, he was acquiring much needed practice. And as he worked he saved—religiously. When he had saved enough to buy a steamship ticket he sailed over to Europe. There, in Paris and in Rome, he toiled with his beloved plaster and marbles and bronzes. And always, in crowded studio or on the gay boulevard, he held before him the vision of another boy who had worked and—won.

Six years ago Novelli came back to the land of his adoption—America. Since that time he has done many creditable bits of work, but it was not until rather recently that he touched permanently upon his ideal. He is now working on a head of Lincoln—a massive head, three times actual size.

It isn't every nation that has a hero like Lincoln for the younger generation to live up to. Italy has Garibaldi and, very far back, Cæsar; France has Napoleon; England has William the Conqueror and Richard Cœur de Lion; Russia has Peter the Great. But few of these men are loved as Lincoln is loved. For while they made their fame by conquests and captives and brute strength and military genius, Lincoln molded the pages of history by sheer strength of character and tenderness.

Every year, every week, almost every day, little aliens—perhaps like Novelli—come to our land with eyes bright with anticipation and hearts that beat high with hope. Sometimes, like Novelli, they

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For Evangelization of Latin-America

THE Congress on Christian Work in Latin America convenes at the city of Panama, on February 10, for a ten-day session. The purpose of the Congress is:

"First. To obtain a more accurate mutual knowledge of the history, resources, achievements and ideals of the peoples so closely associated in their business and social life.

"Second. To reveal the fact that these countries may mutually serve one another by contributing the best in their civilizations to each other's life.

"Third. To discover and devise means to correct such defects and weaknesses in character as may be hindering the growth of those nations.

"Fourth. To unite in a common purpose to strengthen the moral, social and religious forces that are now working for the betterment of these countries, and to create the desire for these things where absent.

"Fifth. To discover the underlying principles upon which true national prosperity and stability depend, and to consider ways and means by which these principles may be put in action and made effective."

The spirit of the Congress is expressed in this paragraph quoted from the proceedings of the Committee on Arrangements: "This committee strongly recommends that those who are making arrangements for the Panama Congress, as well as all writers and speakers at the Congress, bear in mind that, if the best and most lasting results are to be obtained, while frankly facing moral and spiritual conditions which call for missionary work in Latin America, and while presenting the Gospel which we hold as the only adequate solution of the problems which those conditions present, it shall be the purpose of the Panama Congress to recognize all the elements of truth and goodness in any form of religious faith. Our approach to the people shall be neither critical nor antagonistic, but inspired by the teachings and example of Christ and that charity which thinketh no evil and rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

The invitation to the conference reads as follows: "All communions or organizations which accept Jesus Christ as Divine Saviour and Lord, and the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament as the Revealed Word of God, and whose purpose is to make the will of Christ prevail in Latin America, are cordially invited to participate in the Panama Congress, and will be heartily welcomed." Notwithstanding the discussions which marked the choosing of delegates by the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Congress is not in itself an attack upon Catholicism. Delegates from the Catholic Church would be welcomed at the conference, which aims only to seek out the facts regarding ignorance, superstition and sin in South America, and to find what may be done to meet these conditions, in the name of the Saviour. On January 24 more than fifty denominations and interdenominational agencies had expressly commissioned delegates to the conference. These in charge of the arrangements for the Congress ask that every Christian pray each day for the Congress, because "only the mind which was in Jesus Christ can create in this great gathering the spirit and temper which are necessary, if it is to achieve the results for which those who have initiated and planned the Congress have labored unselfishly and untiringly."

In an address at Garden City, on January 12, Mr. Robert E. Speer said of this Congress that it is based upon existing facts; that churches now have their missions in Latin America and that it was the evangelical churches of Latin America who asked for this conference. He said also that hundreds of thousands, even millions of men exist in Latin America who are not connected with any church, but that many of these are men who have deeply on their heart the moral and spiritual needs of their own people; that some of these men are responsible for the existence of our missions in Latin America. It was President Sarmiento who invited the Methodists to start the first normal schools in Argentina. The Presbyterian Church missions in Guatemala were established at the urgent request of President Barrios, who offered to pay the expenses of the missionary. The work in Bolivia was likewise at the request and with the assistance of the government. Speaking of the churches in South American countries which he had visited, he said that in every field there were tens of thousands of men and women who had no church connection, and who were like sheep scattered abroad having no shepherd, and that even among nominal Christians there were millions without the Bible and multitudes to whom the religion of the New Testament was unknown. It is in the interests of these that delegates have been gathered in this Congress at Panama.

The proceedings of the Congress will be fully reported for the Christian Herald by Mr. Willard Price, editor of the World Outlook.

Lincoln and the New American

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win a place in the world's esteem; sometimes, like Novelli, they study Lincoln and shape their lives after his great teachings. But sometimes the little aliens who come hopefully to our land do not hear of Lincoln. Sometimes they shape their careers and characters after less worthy patterns. Sometimes it's the popular prize-fighter with the cord-like muscles and the round bullet head; sometimes it's the thick-set mill-owner—the man with the dollars—that they look up to. Sometimes it's the hurried person, swamped in business, who hasn't time to smile at the little wistful-eyed boy from whom he buys his paper. Sometimes it's you that he models the clay—the clay of his life—after. *Sometimes it's you!* Are you worthy of the great responsibility?

JAMES NOVELLI is now working at his head of Lincoln. It's a very wonderful head, I think. It rises out of a rough heap of carving, a perfect, finished likeness. But somehow, looking at it, one does not see exactly the Lincoln that so many sculptors have fashioned. As one looks into the deep-set, dreaming eyes—as one sees the large mouth—firm, but tenderly firm—as one sees the sadness, and yet the promise and the more than victory of the noble rough-hewn face, one visions a new Lincoln. It is the Lincoln of an emigrant boy who caught his first impression of a new country through a mist of dreams, and fashioned his conception of its people after their greatest man.

Called Higher

PAUL B. HUSTON, Olympia, Wash.; Mrs. Sarah C. Wise, Marion, Iowa, 74 years; Mrs. Emily Kenyon, Galena, Ohio, 82 years; Mrs. John Pyttlerew, Joliet, Ill.; Mrs. Eura Ellis, Shannon City, Iowa, 84 years; Mrs. Eliza J. Bellows, Good Ground, L. I.; Mr. William H. DeMass, Lambertsville, N. J.; Mrs. Charles Hazen, Middleboro, Mass., 91 years; H. W. Murray, Laurelville, Md., 93 years; Edward Taylor, Gaffney, S. C., 66 years; Margaret G. Butler, Philadelphia, Pa., 94 years; Mrs. Elizabeth A. Lake, Muskegon, Mich., 82 years, Mrs. Sarah M. Lindsay, Evanston, Ill., 80 years; Mr. W. H. Eldridge, New Britain, Conn.; James Powell, Huntington, L. I., 90 years, Mrs. Emily Blorns, Schenectady, N. Y., 71 years; William C. Relff, Carlshad, N. M., 68 years; Mrs. I. R. D. Rinnarth, Grimes, Calif., 91 years, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Crane, Bradford, Mass.; George W. Rabby, Cedar, Ala., Mrs. M. C. Salmon, Rock Ledge, Fla., 58 years.

AN INCITEMENT TO BIBLE STUDY

I AM planning to make my grandson, a boy of sixteen, a present of a subscription to the Christian Herald, and one of the greatest inducements in selecting your paper is the hope that the "Bible Picture Study Contest" will give him more interest in Bible study.

Natick, Mass. Mrs. H. J. S.

Maxwell

Concentration

"MAN is not born to solve the problems of the universe, but to find out what he has to do and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension."

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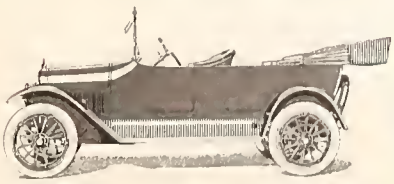

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Five-Passenger Touring Car	655
Touring Car (with All Weather Top)	755
Two-Passenger Cabriolet	865
Six-Passenger Town Car	915

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